

16.

THE Maydes Metamor- phosis.

*As it hath bene sundrie times Acted
by the Children of Powles.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue, dwelling in long Lane.

1600.

EHT

Tomis M asby s M

.aifordq

The Prologue.

The manifold great fauours we haue found,
By you, to vs poore weaklings still extended:
Whereof your vertues haue bene only ground,
And no desert in vs to be so friended:
Bindes vs some way or other to expresse,
(Though all our all be else defeated quite
Of any meanes) saue duteous thankefulnes,
Which is the vtmost measure of our might:
Then to the boundlesse Ocean of your woorth,
This little drop of water we present:
Where though it never can be singled foorth,
Let zeale be pleader for our good intent,
Drops not diminish, but encrease great floods:
And mites impaire not, but augment our goods.



The Maydes Metamor- phosis.

Enter Phylander, Orestes, Eurymine.

Eurymine.

Phylander, and Orestes, what conceyt
Troubles your silent mindes? Let me intreat
Since we are come thus farre, as we do walke
You would deuise some prettie pleasant talkes:
The aire is coole, the euening high and faire,
Why shold your cloudie lookes, then shew dispaire?

Phy. Beleeue me faire Eurymine, my skill
Is simble in discourse, and vtterance ill:
Orestes if he were disposde to trie,
Can better manage such affaires than I.

Eu. Why then *Orestes* let me craue of you
Some olde, or late done story to renew:
Another time you shall request of me
As good, if not, a greater curtesie.

Or. Trust me as now(nor can I shew a reason)
All mirth vnto my mind comes out of season:
For inward I am troubled in such sort,
As all vnsit I am to make report
Of any thing may breed the least delight,
Rather in teares, I wish the day were night:
For neither can my selfe be merry now,
Nor treat of ought that may be likte of you.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. Thats but your melancholike old disease,
That neuer are disposde but when ye please.

Ph. Nay mistresse, then since he denies the taske
My selfe will strait accomplish what ye aske:
And though the pleasure in my tale be small,
Yet may it serue to passe the time withall.

Eu. Thanks good *Phylander*, when you please say on,
Better I deeme a bad discourse, then none,

Phy. Sometime there liu'd a Duke not far from hence,
Mightie in fame, and vertues excellencye,
Subiects he had, as readie to obey
As he to rule: beloued euery way,
But that which most of all he gloried in,
(Hope of his age, and comfort of his kin,) Q
Was the fruition of one onely sonne,
A gallant youth, inferior vnto none
For vertue, shape, or excellencye of wit,
That after him vpon his thron might sit.
This youth when once he came to perfect age,
The Duke would faine haue linckt in mariage N
With diuers dames of honourable blood,
But stil his fathers purpose he withstood.

Eu. How, was he not of mettal apt to loue?

Phy. Yes apt enough, as wil the sequel proue.
But so the stremme of his affection lay,
As he did leane a quite contrary way,
Disprouing still the choyce his father made,
And oftentimes the matter had delaide:
Now giuing hope he would at length consent,
And then again, excusing his intent.

Eu. What made him so repugnant in his deeds?

Phy. Another loue, which this disorder breedes:
For euen at home within his fathers Court O
The Saint was shrinde, whom he did honor most:
A louely dame, a virgin pure and chaste,
And worthy of a Prince to be imbrac'te.

- Had

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Had but her birth (which was obscure they said)

Answerd her beautie, this their opinion staid.

Yet did this wilful youth affect her still,

And none but she was mistres of his will.

Full often did his father him dissuade,

From liking such a mean and low borne mayde.

The more his father stroue to change his minde,

The more the sonne became with fancy blinde.

Eu. Alas, how sped the silly Lovers then?

Phy. As might euē grieue the rude vnciucl'st men.

When herepon to weane his fixed heart

From such dishonour, to his high desert,

The Duke had labourd, but in vaine did striue,

Thus he began his purpose to contrive:

Two of his seruants of vndoubted troth,

He bound by vertue of a solemne oath,

To traine the silly damzel out of sight,

And there in secret to bereave her quite.

Eu. Of what her life?

Phy. Yes Madame of her life,

Which was the cause of all the former strife.

Eu. And did they kill her?

Phy. You shall heare anon:

The question first must be discidēd on

In your opinion, whats your iudgement? say,

Who were most cruell: those that did obey,

Or he that gaue commandment for the fact?

Eu. In each of them it was a bloody act:

Yet they deserue (to speake my mind of both)

Most pardon, that were bound thereto by oath.

Phy. It is enough, we do accept your doome,

To passe vnblam'd, what ere of you become.

Eu. To passe vnblamde, what ere become of me?

What may the meaning of these speeches be?

Phy. Eurymine, my trembling tongue doth faile,
My conscience yrkes, my fainting fences quaile:

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

My faltring speech bewraies my guiltie thought,
And stammers at the message we haue brought.

Eu. Ay me, what horrour doth inuade my breſt?

Or. Nay then *Phylander* I will tell the rest.

Damzell thus fares thy case, demand not why,
You must forthwith prepare your ſelfe to dye.
Therefore dispatch, and ſet your mind at reſt.

Eu. *Phylander* is it true? or doth he ieft?

Phy. There is no remedie but you muſt dye:

By you I framde my tragicke history.
The Duke my maister, is the man I meant,
His ſonne, the Prince, the mayd of meane diſcent
Your ſelfe, on whom *Ascanio* ſo doth doate,
As for no reaſon may remoue his thought:
Your death the Duke determines by vs two,
To end the loue betwixt his ſonne and you:
And for that cauſe we trainde you to this wood,
Where you muſt ſacrifice your deareſt blood.

Eur. Respect my teares.

Oreſt. We muſt regard our oath,

Eur. My tender yeares.

Or. They are but trifles both.

Eu. Mine innocence.

Or. That would our promife breake,

Diſpatch forthwith, we may not heare you ſpeakē.

Eu. If neither teares nor innocence moue,
Yet thinke there is a heauenly power aboue.

Oreſt. Adone, and ſtand not preaching here all day.

Eu. Then ſince there is no remedie, I pray
Yet good my maisters, do but ſtay ſo long
Till I haue tanē my farewell with a ſong,
Of him whom I ſhall neuer ſee againe.

Phy. We will affoord that reſpit to your paine.

Eu. But leaſt the feare of death appall my mind,
Sweet gentlemen let me this fauour find.
That you wil vale mine eye-fight with this ſcarfe:

That

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

That when the fatall stroke is aymde at me,
I may not start, but suffer patiently.

Orest. Agreed, giue me, Ile shadow ye from feare,
If this may do it.

Eus. Oh I would it might,
But shadowes want the power to do that right.

Shee sings.

Ye sacred Fyres, and powers aboue,
Forge of desires working loue,
Cast downe your eye, cast downe your eye
Vpon a Mayde in miseric.
My sacrifice is louers blood:
And from eyes salt teares a flood:
All which I spend, all which I spend
For thee *Ascanio*, my deare friend:
And though this houre I must seele
The bitter sower of pricking Steele,
Yet ill or well, yet ill or well
To thee *Ascanio* still farewell.

Orestes offers to strike her with his Rapier, and is stayed by Phylander.

Orest. What meanes *Phylander*?

Phy. Oh forbear thy stroke,
Her pitious mone and gesture might prouoke,
Hard flints to ruthe.

Orest. Hast thou forgot thy oath?

Phy. Forgot it? no.

Or. Then wherfore doest thou interrupt me so?

Phy. A sudden terror ouercomes my thought.

Or. The suffer me, that stands in fear of nought.

Phy. Oh hold *Orestes*, heare my reason first.

Or. Is all religion of thy vowe forgot?
Do as thou wilt, but I forget it not.

Phy.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Phy. Orestes, if thou standst vpon thine oath,
Let me alone, to answe for vs both.

Or. What answer canst thou giue? I wil not stay.

Phy. Nay villain, then my sword shall make me way.

Or. Wilt thou in this, against thy conscience striue?

Phy. I will defend a woman while I liue.

A virgin, and an innocent beside,
Therefore put vp, or else thy chaunce abide.

Or. Ile never sheath my sword, vnles thou show,
Our oath reserved, we may let her go.

Phy. That will I do, if truth may be of force.

Or. And then wil I be please to graunt remorse.

Eu. Little thought & when out of doore I went,
That thus my life should stand on argument.

Phy. A lawfull oath in an vnlawfull cause,
Is first dispenc't withall, by reasons lawes :
Then next, respect must to the end be had,
Because th' intent, doth make it good or bad.
Now here th' intent is murder as thou seeest,
Which to performe, thou on thy oath reliest:
But since the cause is wicked and vniust,
Th' effect must likewise be held odious.

We swore to kill, and God forbids to kill:
Shall we be rulde by him, or by mans will ?

Beside it is a woman is condemde :

And what is he that is a man indeed,
That can endure to see a woman bleed ?

Or. Thou hast preuailed, Eurymine stand vp,
I will not touch thee for a world of gold.

Phy. Why now thou seemst to be of humane mould,
But on our graunt faire mayd that you shall liue,
Will you to vs your faithfull promise giue,
Henceforth t' abandon this your Country quite,
And neuer more returne into the sight
Of fierce Telemachus, the angry Duke,
Whereby we may be voyd of all rebuke ?

Eur.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eur. Here do I plight my chaste vnspotted hand,
I will abiure this most accursed land:
And vow henceforth what fortune ere betide,
Within these woods and desarts to abide.

Phy. Now wanteth there nothing, but a fit excuse,
To sooth the Duke, in his conceiu'd abuse:
That he may be perswaded she is slaine,
And we our wonted fauour still maintaine.

Orest. It shall be thus, within a Lawne hard by,
Obscure with bushes, where no humane eye,
Can any way discouer our deceite:
There feeds a heard of Goates, and country neate.
Some Kidde, or other youngling, will we take,
And with our swords dispatch it for her sake.
And hauing slaine it, rip his panting breast,
And take the heart of the vnguiltie beast:
Which to th' intent, our counterfeit report
May seeme more likely, we will beare to court:
And there protest with bloody weapons drawne,
It was her heart.

Phy. Then likewise take this Lawne,
Which well *Telemachus* did know she wore:
And let it be all spotted too with gore.
How say you mistresse, will you spare that vale?

Eur. That or what else, to verifie your tale:
And thankes *Phylander*, and *Orestes* both,
That you preserue me from a Tyrants wroth.

Phy. I would it were within my power, I wis,
To do you greater curtesie then this:
But what we cannot by our deeds expresse
In heart we wish to ease your heauinessse.

Eur. A double debt, yet one word ere ye go,
Commend me to my deare *Ascanio*:
Whose loyall loue, and presence to forgoe,
Doth gall me more then all my other woe.

Orest. Our liues shall neuuer want to do him good.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Phy. Nor yet our death, if he in daunger stood:
And mistresse, so good fortune be your guide.

Or. And ought that may be fortunate beside.

(Exeunt,

Eu. The like I wish vnto your selues againe:
And many happie dayes deuoyd of paine.
And now *Eurymine* record thy state,
So much dejected, and opprest by fate:
What hope remaines? wherein hast thou to ioy?
Wherein to tryumph, but thine owne annoy?
If euer wretch might tell of miserie,
Then I alas, poore I, am only she:
Vnknowne of parents, destitute of friends,
Hopefull of noughe, but what misfortune sends.
Banisht, to liue a fugitiue alone,
In vncouth paths, and regions neuuer knowne.
Behold *Ascanio*, for thy only sake,
These tedious trauels I must vndertake:
Nor do I grudge, the paine seemes lesse to mee,
In that I suffer this distresse for thee.

Enter *Silvius*, a Raunger.

Sil. Wel met fair Nymph, or Goddess if ye bee:
Tis straunge me thinkes, that one of your degree
Should walke these solitary groues alone.

Eu. It were no maruell if you knew my mone,
But what are you that question me so far?

Sil. My habit telles you that, a Forrester:
That hauing lost a heard of skittish Deere,
Was of good hope, I should a found them heere.

Eu. Trust me, I saw not any, so farewell.

Sil. Nay stay: and further of your fortunes tell:
I am not one that meanes you any harme.

Enter *Gemulo* the Shepheard.

Ge. I thinke my Boy be fled away by charme.
Raunger well met: within thy walke I pray,
Sawst thou not *Moxy*, my vnhappy Boy?

Sil.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Sil. Shepheard not I, what meanst to seeke him here?

Ge. Because the wagge, possest with doubtfull feare,
Least I would beate him for a fault he did :
Amongst those Trees, I do suspect hees hid.
But how now Raunger ? you mistake I crowe,
This is a Lady, and no barren Dowe.

Sil. It is indeede, and as it seemes, distrest,
Whose griefe to know, I humbly made request :
But she as yet will not reueale the same.

Ge. Perhaps to me she will : speak gentle dame ?
What daunger great hath driuen ye to this place ?
Make knowne your state, and looke what slender grace,
A Shepheards poore abilitie may yeeld,
You shall be sure of, ere I leaue the feeld.

Eur. Alas good Sir, the cause may not be knowne,
That hath inforste me to be here alone.

Sil. Nay feare not to discouer what you are :
It may be we may remedie yout care.

Eu. Since needs you will, that I renew my griefe,
Whether it be my chance to finde reliefe
Or not, I wreate not : such my crosses are,
As sooner I expect to meeete dispaire.
Then thus it is : not farte from hence do dwell
My parents, of the world esteemed well :
Who with their bitter threats, my graut had won,
This day to marrie with a neighbours son.
And such a one, to whom I should be wife,
As I could neuer fancie in my life.
And therefore to auoyd that endlesse thrall,
This morne I came away and left them all.
Sil. Now trust me virgin, they were much vnkind,
To seeke to match you so against your minde.

Ge. It was beside, vnnaturall constraint :
But by the tenure of your iust complaint,
It seemes you are not minded to returne,
Nor any more to dwell where you were borne.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. It is my purpose, if I might obtaine
A place of refuge where I might remaine.

Sil. Why go with me, my Lodge is not far off,
Where you shall haue such hospitalitie
As shall be for your health and safetie.

Ge. Soft Raunger, you do raunge beyond your skill,
My house is nearer : and for my good will,
It shall exceed a woodmans wooden stufte:
Then go with me, Ile keep you safe enough.

Sil. Ile bring her to a bower beset with greene.

Ge. And I an arbour, may delight a Queene.

Sil. Her dyet shalbe Venson at my boord.

Ge. Yong Kid and Lambe, we shepheards can affoord.

Sil. And nothing else?

Ge. Yes, raunting now and then,
A Hog, a Goose, a Capon, or a Hen. (trees.)

Sil. These walkes are mine, amongst the shadie

Ge. For that I haue, a garden full of Bees,
Whose buzzing musick with the flowers sweet,
Each evn and morning, shall her fences greet.

Sil. The Nightingale is my continuall clocke.

Ge. And mine the watchfull, sin-remembering cocke.

Sil. A hunts vp, I can tune her with my hounds.

Ge. And I can shew her meads, and fruitfull grounds.

Sil. Within these woods are many pleasant springs.

Ge. Betwixt yond dales, the Echo daily sings.

Sil. I maruell that a rusticke shepheard dare
With woodmen then audaciously compare ?

Why, hunting is a pleasure for a King,

And Gods themselues sometime frequent the thing.

Diana with her bowe and arrowes keene,

Did often vse the Chace, in Forrests greene.

And so alas, the good Athenian knight,

And swift *Aeteon* herein tooke delight:

And *Atalanta* the Arcadian dame,

Conceiu'd such wondrous pleasure in the game:

That

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

That with her traine of Nymphs attending on,
She came to hunt the Bore of Calydon.

Ge. So did Apollo walk with shepheards crooke,
And many Kings their scepters haue forsooke:
To lead the quiet life we shepheards tooke.
Accounting it a refuge for their woe.

Sil. But we take choice of many a pleasant walke
And marke the Deare how they begin to stalke,
When each according to his age and time,
Pricks vp his head, and beares a Princely minde:
The lustie Stag conductor of the traine,
Leads all the heard in order downe the plaine:
The baser rascalls scatter here and there,
As not presuming to approach so neere.

Ge. So shepheards somtime sit vpon a hill,
Or in the cooling shadow of a mill:
And as we sit, vnto our pipes we sing,
And therewith make the neighboring groues to ring.
And when the sun steales downward to the west,
We leauue our chat, and whistle in the fist:
Which is a signall to our stragling flocke,
As Trumpets sound to men in martiall shooke.

Sil. Shall I be thus out-faced by a swaine?
He haue a guard to wayt vpon her traine,
Of gallant woodmen, clad in comely greene:
The like whereof, hath sildome yet bene seene.

Ge. And I of shepheards such a lustie crew,
As neuer Forrester the like yet knew:
Who for their persons and their neate aray,
Shalbe as fresh, as is the moneth of May.
Where are ye there, ye merry noted swaines?
Draw neare a while, and whilst vpon the plaines
Your flocks do gently feed, lets see your skill,
How you with chaunting, can sad sorrow kill.

Enter shepheards singing.

Sil. Thinks Gemulo to beare the bell away?

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

By singing of a simple Rundelay?
No, I haue fellowes, whose melodious throates
Shall euen as far exceed those homely notes
As doth the Nightingale in musick passe,
The most melodious bird that euer was.
And for an instance, here they are at hand,
When they haue done, let our deserts be scand.

Enter wood-men, and sing.

Eu. Thanks to you both, you both deserue so well,
As I want skill your worthinesse to tell:
And both I do commend for your good will,
And both Ile honor, loue and reuerence still:
For neuer virgin had such kindnes showne,
Of straungers, yea, and men to her vnknowne.
But more, to end this sudden contouersie,
Since I am made an vmpier in the plea,
This is my verdite: Ile intreate of you
A Cottage for my dwelling: and of you,
A flocke to tend: and so indifferent
My gratafull paines on either shalbe spent.

Sil. I am agreed, and for the loue I beare
Ile boast, I haue a Tenant is so faire.

Ge. And I wil hold it as a rich possession,
That she vouchsafes to be of my profession.

Sil. Then for a sign that no man here hath wrong
From hence lets all conduct her with a song.

The end of the first Act.

Aetus secundus.

Enter Ascanio, and Ioculo his Page.

Asca. Away Ioculo.

Io. Heresir, at hand.

Asca. Ioculo, where is she?

Io. I know not.

Asca. When went she?

Ioculo,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. I know not.

Aſca. Which way went ſhe?

Io. I know not.

Aſca. Where ſhould I ſecke her?

Io. I know not.

Aſca. When ſhall I find her?

Io. I know not.

Aſca. A vengeance take thee ſlauſe, what doſt thou know?

Io. Marry ſir, that I doo know.

Aſca. What villaine?

Io. And you be ſo teſtie, go looke:

What a coyles here with you?

If we knew where ſhe were, what need we ſecke her?

I thinkē you are lunaticke: where were you

When you ſhould haue lookt after her? now you

Go crying vp and downe after your wench, like

A Boy had loſt his horne booke.

Aſca. Ah my ſweet Boy.

Io. Ah my ſweet Maiftre: nay I can giue you as good
Words as you can giue me: alls one for that.

Aſca. What canſt thou giue me no reliefe?

Io. Faith ſir, there comes not one morsel of comfort
From my lips, to ſustaine that hungry mawe
Of your miserie, there is ſuch a dearth at this time,
God amend it.

Aſca. A *Ioculo*, my breast is full of griefe,
And yet my hope, that only wants reliefe.

Io. Your breſt and my belly, are in two contrary kaiſes,
You walke to get ſtomacke to your meate,
And I walke to get meate to my ſtomacke:
Your breſt's full, and my bellis emptie.
If they chance to part in this caſe, God ſend them
Merry meeting: that my belly be ful, and your breſt empty.

Aſca. Boy, for the loue that euer thou diſt owe,
To thy deare maiftre, poore *Aſcanio*,
Racke thy proou'd wits, vnto the highest ſtraine,
To bring me backe *Eurymine* againe.

Iochlo.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Nay master, if wit could do it, I could tell you
More: but if it euer be done, the very legeritie
Of the feete must do it: these ten nimble bones
Must do the deed: Ile trot like a little dog:
Theres not a bush so big as my beard,
But Ile be peeping in it: theres not a Coate but
Ile search every corner: if she be aboue, or
Beneath, ouer the ground, or vnder, Ile finde her out.

Asca. Stay *Ioculo*: alas it cannot be:
If we should part, I loose both her and thee:
The woods are wide: and wandring thus about,
Thou maist be lost: and not my Loue found out.

Io. I pray you let me goe.

Asca. I pray thee stay.

Io. Ifaith ile runne.

Asca. And doest not know which way.

Io. Any way: alls one, ile drawe drie foote:
If you send not to seeke her, you may lye
Here long enough, before she come to seeke you:
She little thinkes that you are hunting for her
In these quarters.

Asca. Ah *Ioculo*, before I leaue my Boy,
Of this worlds comfort, now my only ioy:
Seest thou this place? vpon this grassie bed,
With sommers gawdie dyaper bespred.

He lyes downe.
Vnder these shadowes shall my dwelling be:
Till thou returne, sweet *Ioculo* to me.

Io. And if my Conuoy be not cut off by the way,
It shall not be long before I be with you.

He speakes to the people.

Well, I pray you looke to my maister: for
Here I leaue him amongst you: and if I
Chaunce to light on the wench, you shall heare
Of me by the next winde.

Exit Ioculo, Ascanio solus.

Ascanio.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Aſca. In vaine I feare, I beate my braines about,
Proouing by ſearch, to finde my miſtrefſe out:
Eurymine, Eurymine, retorne:
And with thy preſence guild the beautiuſ morne:
And yet I feare to call vpon thy name,
The pratling Eccho, ſhould ſhe leарne the ſame,
The laſt words accent ſheele no more prolong,
But beare that ſound vpon her airie tong.
Adorned with the preſence of my Loue,
The woods I feare, ſuch ſecret power ſhal proue
As they'll ſhut vp each path: hide euery way,
Because they ſtill would haue her go astray:
And in that place would alwaies haue her ſcene,
Only because they would be euer greene:
And keepe the wingged Quirifters ſtill there,
To baniſh winter cleane out of the yeaſe.
But why perliſt I to bemoane my ſtate,
When ſhe is gone, and my complaint too late?
A drowsie dulnes cloſeth vp my fight,
O powerfull ſleepe, I yeeld vnto thy might.
He falles a ſleepe.

Enter Juno, and Iris.

Juno. Come hither Iris.
Iris. Iris is at hand,
To attend Junes wife: great Junos hie command.
Juno. Iris I know I do thy ſeruice proue,
And cuer ſince I was the wife of loue
Thou haſt bene readie when I called ſtill,
And alwayes moſt obedient to my will:
Thou ſeefſt how that imperiaſl Queene of loue,
With all the Gods, how ſhe preuailes aboue,
And ſtill againſt great Junos hefts doth stand,
To haue all ſtoupe and bowe, at her command:
Her Doues and Swannes, and Sparrowes, muſt be graced,
And on Loues Aultars, muſt be highly placed.

C

My

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

My starry Peacockes, which doth beare my state:
Scarcely alowed within his pallace gate:
And since her selfe, she thus preferd doth see,
Now the proud huswife will contend with mee:
And practiseth her wanton pranckes to play
With this *Ascanio*, and *Eurymine*.
But Loue shall know, in spight of all his skill,
Juno's a woman, and will haue her will.

Iris. What is my Goddesse will: may *Iris* askes?

Juno. *Iris*, on thee I do impose this taske,
To crosse proud *Venus*, and her purblind Lad,
Vntill the mother, and her brat be mad,
And with each other, set them so at odds,
Till to their teeth they curse, and ban the Gods.

Iris. Goddes, the graunt consists alone in you,

Juno. Then mark the course which now you must pursue,
Within this ore-growne Forrest, there is found

A duskie Cauie, thrust lowe into the ground:
So vgly darke, so dampie and steepe,
As for his life the sunne durst never peepe
Into the entrance: which doth so afright.
The very day, that halfe the world is night.

Where fennish fogges, and vapours do abound:
There *Morpheus* doth dwell within the ground,

No crowing Cocke, nor waking bell doth call,
Nor watchfull dogge disturbeth sleepe at all.

No sound is heard in compasse of the hill,
But euery thing is quiet, whisht, and still.

Amid this Cauie, vpon the ground doth lie,

A hollow plancher, all of Ebonie
Cover'd with blacke, whereon the drowsie God,

Drowned in sleepe, continually doth nod:

Go *Iris* go, and my commaundment take,
And beate against the doores till sleepe awake,

Bid him from me, in vision to appeare,

Vnto *Ascanio* that lieth slumbring heare.

And in that vision, to reueale the way,

How

The isaydes Metamorphosis.

How he may finde the faire Eurymino.

Iris. Madam, my seruice is at your command,

Juno. Dispatch it then, good Iris out of hand.

My Peacockes and my Charriot shall remaine,

About the shore, till thou returne againe.

Exit Juno.

Iris. About the busynesse now that I am sent,

To sleepes blacke Cau, I will incontinent:

And his darke cabine, boldly will I shake,

Vntill the drowsie lumpish God awake:

And such a bounsing at his Cau Ile keepe,

That if pale death, seaz'd on the eyes offleepe,

Ile rowse him vp, that when he shall me heare,

Ile make his locks stand vp on end with feare.

Be silent aire, whil'st Iris in her pride

Swifter then thought, vpon the windes doth ride,

What Somnus, what Somnus, Somnus.

Strikes.

Pauses a little.

What wilt thou not awake? art thou still so fast?

Nay then yfaith, Ile haue an other cast.

What Somnus Somnus I say?

Strikes againe.

Som. Who calles at this time of the day?

What a balling dost thou keepe?

A vengeance take thee, let me sleepe,

Iris. Up thou drowsie God, I say,

And come presently away,

Or I will beate vpon this doore,

That after this, thou sleep'st no more.

Som. Ile take a nap, and come annon.

Iris. Out you beast, you blocke, you stome:

Come, or at thy doore Ile thunder,

Til both heauen and hel do wonder, Somnus I say.

Som. A vengeance split thy chaps asunder.

Iris. What Somnus? Enter Somnus.

Som. Iris I thought it should be thee.

How now mad wench, what wouldst with me?

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Iris. From mightie *Juno*, Ioues immortall wife,
Somnus I come: to charge thee on thy life,
That thou vnto this Gentleman appeare,
And in this place, thus as he lyeth heere,
Present his mistres to his inward eies,
In as true manner, as thou canst devise.

Som. I would thou wert hangd for waking me.
Three sonnes I haue, the eldest *Morpheus* hight:
He shewes of man, the shape or sight.
The second *Icelor*, whose behests
Doth shewe the formes of birds and beasts.
Phantaſor for the third, things lifeles hee:
Chuse which like thee of these three.

Iris. *Morpheus*: if he in humane shape appeare.

Som. *Morpheus* come forth in perfect likenes heere,
Of, how call ye the Gentlewoman?

Iris. *Eurymine*.

Som. Of *Eurymine*: and shewe this Gentleman,
What of his mistres is become.

Kneeling downe by Ascanio.

Enter Eurymine, to be supposed Morpheus.

Mor. My deare *Ascanio*, in this vision see,
Eurymine doth thus appeare to thee:
As soone as sleepe hath left thy drowsie eies,
Follow the path that on thy right hand lies,
An aged Hermit thou by chaunce shalt find,
That there hath bene time almost out of mind:
This holy man, this aged reverent Father,
There in the woods, doth rootes and simples gather:
His wrinckled browe, tells strengths past long ago:
His beard as white, as winters driuen snow.
He shall discourse the troubles I haue past,
And bring vs both togither at the last.
Thus she presents her shadow to thy sight,
That would her person gladly if she might.

Iris. See.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Iris. See how he catches to imbrace the shade.

Mor. This vision fully doth his powers inuade.

And when the heate shall but a little flake:

Thou then shalt see him presently awake.

Som. Hast thou ought else, that I may stand in sted?

Iris. No Somnus, no: go back vnto thy bed:

Juno she shall reward thee for thy paine.

Som. Then good night Iris, Ile to rest againe.

Iris. Morpheus farewell: to Juno I will flie.

Mor. And I to sleepe, as fast as I can hie. *Exeunt.*

Ascanio starting, sayes.

Eurymine: Ah my good Angell stay:

O vanish not so suddenly away.

O stay my Goddes, whither doest thou flie?

Returne my sweet *Eurymine*, tis I.

Where art thou speake? Let me behold thy face:

Did I not see thee, in this very place

Euen now? Here did I not see thee stand?

And here thy feete did blesse the happie land?

Eurymine: Oh wilt thou not attend?

Flie from thy foe: *Ascanio* is thy friend.

The fearefull Hare, so shuns the labouring hound,

And so the Dear eschues the Hunts-man wound.

The trembling Foule, so flies the Falcons gripe:

The Bond-man, so, his angry maisters stripe.

I follow not, as *Phæbus Daphne* did:

Nor as the Dog pursues the trembling Kid.

Thy shape it was: alas I sawe not thee:

That sight were fitter for the Gods then mee.

But if in dreames, there any truth be found,

Thou art within the compas of this ground.

Ile raunge the woods, and all the groues about,

And never rest, vntill I find thee out. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, *Mopso* singing.

Mop. Terlitelo, Terlitelo, terlitelee, terlo,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

So merrily this shepheards Boy
His horne that he can blow,
Early in a morning, late, late, in an euening,
And cuer sat this little Boy,
So merrily piping.

Enter at the other doore, Frisco singing.

Fris. Can you blow the little horne?
Weell, weell, and very weell.
And can you blow the little horne,
Amongst the leaues greene?

Enter Ioculo in the midſt singing.

Io. Fortune my foe, why doest thou frowne on mee?
And will my fortune never better bee?
Wilt thou I say, for euer breed my paine?
And wilt thou not restore my Ioyes againe?

Frisco. Cannot a man be merry in his owne walke,
But a must be thus encombred?

Io. I am disposed to be melancholly,
And I cannot be priuate for one villaine or other.

Mop. How the diuel stumbled this case of rope-ripes in-
into my way?

Fris. Sirra, what art thou? and thou?

Io. I am Page to a Courtier.

Mop. And I a Boy to a Shepheard.

Fris. Thou art the Apple-squier to an Eawe,
And thou sworne brother to a bale of false dice.

Io. What art thou?

Fris. I am a Boy to a Raunger.

Io. An Out-lawe by authoritie: one that never sets marke
of his own goods, nor never knowes how he comes by other
mens.

Mop. That never knowes his cattell, but by their hornes.

Fris. Sirra, so you might haue said of your masters sheep.

Io. I marry: this takes fier like touch powder,
And goes off with a hufse.

Fris. They come of crick-cracks, and shake their tayles
like a squib.

Ioculo.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Ha you Rogues, the very steele of my wit, shall strike
fier from the flint of your vnderstandings : haue you not
heard of me ?

Mop. Yes, if you be that *Ioculo* that I take you for, we
haue heard of your exployts, for cosoning of some seuen,
and thirtie Alewives, in the Villages here about.

Io. A wit, as nimble as a Sempsters needle, or a girles fin-
ger at her Buske poynt.

Mop. Your iest goes too low sir.

Fris. O but tis a tickling iest.

Io. Who wold haue thought to haue found this in a plaine
villaine, that never woare better garment, then a green Ier-
kin?

Frisco. O Sir, though you Courtiers haue all the honour,
You haue not all the wit.

Mop. Soft sir, tis not your witte can carry it away in this
company.

Io. Sweet Rogues, your companie to me, is like musick to
a wench at midnight : when she lies alone, and could wish,
yea marry could she.

Fris. And thou art as welcom to me, as a new poking stick
to a Chamber mayd.

Mop. But soft, who comes here ?

Enter the Fairies, singing and dauncing.

By the Moone we sport and play,
With the night begins our day :
As we daunce the deaw doth fall,
Trip it little vrchins all :
Lightly as the little Bee,
Two by two, and three by three :
And about go we, and about go wee.

Io. What Mawmets are these ?

Fris. O they be the Fayries that haunt these woods.

Mop. O we shall be pincht most cruelly.

I Fay. Will you haue any musick Sir ?

2 *Fayrie.*

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

2 Fay. Will you haue any fine musicke?

3 Fay. Most daintie musicke?

Mop. We must set a face on't now, theres no flying.

No Sir: we are very merry I thanke you.

1 Fay. O but you shall Sir.

Fris. No, I pray you saue your labour.

2 Fay. O Sir, it shall not cost you a penny.

Io. Where be your Fiddles?

3 Fay. You shall haue most daintie Instruments Sir.

Mop. I pray you, what might I call you?

1 Fay. My name is Penny.

Mop. I am sory I cannot purse you.

Fris. I pray you sir, what might I call you?

2 Fay. My name is Cricket.

Fris. I would I were a Chimney for your sake.

Io. I pray you, you prettie little fellow, whats your name?

3 Fay. My name is litttle, litttle Pricke.

Io. Little, litttle Pricke? o you are a daungerous Fayrie,

And fright all the little wenches in the Country,

Out of their beds.

I care not whose hand I were in, so I were out of yours.

1 Fay. I do come about the coppes,

Leaping vpon flowers toppes:

Then I get vpon a flie,

Shee carries me aboue the skie:

And trip and goe.

2 Fay. When a deawe drop falleth downe,

And doth light vpon my crowne,

Then I shake my head and skip:

And about I trip.

3 Fay. When I seele a gyrlle a sleepe,

Vnderneath her frock I peape,

There to sport, and there I play,

Then I byte her like a bear,

And about I skip.

Io. I, I thought where I should haue you.

I Fayrie.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

1 Fay. Wilt please you daunce sir?

Io. Indeed sir, I cannot handle my legges.

2 Fay. O you must needs daunce and sing:

Which if you refuse to doo,

We will pinch you blacke and blew.

And about we goe.

They all daunce in a Ring, and sing as followeth.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a :

Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing a.

Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a :

All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a :

Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing a.

Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a :

All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

We haue daunc't round about, in a fine Ring a :

We haue daunc't lustily, and thus we sing a.

All about, in and out, ouer this Greene a :

Too and fro, trip and go, to our braue Queene a.

Actus tertius.

Scena, I.

Enter Appollo, and three Charites.

1. Cha. No no great Phœbus, this your silence tends,
To hide your griefe from knowledge of your friends,
Who if they knew the cause in each respect,
Would shewe their vtmost skill to cure th'effeſt.

Ap. Good Ladys, your conceites in iudgement errc,
Because you ſee me dumpiſh, you referrc
The reaſon to ſome ſecret grieſe of mine:
But you haue ſcene me melancholy many a time,

D

Perhaps

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Perhaps it is the glowing weather now,
That makes me seeme so ill at ease to you.

1 Fine shifts to colour that you cannot hide,
No *Phæbus*, by your lookes may be disclide
Some hid conceit that harbors in your thought,
Which hath therein, some straunge impression wrought:
That by the course thereof, you seeme to mee,
An other man then you were wont to bee.

Ap. No Ladies, you deceiue your selues in mee:
What likelihood or token do ye see,
That may perswade it true that you suppose?

2 *Appollo*, hence a great suspition growes,
Ye are not so pleasaunt now, as earst in companie,
Ye walke alone, and wander solitarie.
The pleasaunt toyes we did frequent sometime,
Are worne away, and growne out of prime.
Your Instrument hath lost his siluer sound,
That rang of late, through all this grouie ground.
Your bowe wherwith the chace you did frequent,
Is closde in case, and long hath bene vnbent.
How differ you from that *Appollo* now,
That whilom sat in shade of Lawrell bowe,
And with the warbling of your Iuorie Lute,
T'alure the Fairies for to daunce about.
Or from *Th' appollo* that with bended bowe,
Did many a sharp and wounding shaft bestowe.
Amidst the Dragon *Pithons* scallie wings,
And forc't his dying blood to spout in springs.
Believe me *Phæbus*, who sawe you then and now,
Would thinke there were a wondrous change in you.

Ap. Alas faire dames, to make my sorows plain,
Would but reuiue an auncient wound again.
Which grating presently vpon my minde,
Doth leaue a scar of former woes behinde.

3 *Phæbus*, if you account vs for the same,
That tender thee, and loue *Appollos* name,
Powre forth to vs the fountaine of your woe,

From

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Frō whence the spring of these your sorows flowe?
If we may any way redresse your mone,
Commaund our best, harme will we do you none.

Ap. Good Ladies, though I hope for no reliefe,
Ile shewe the ground of this my present griefe.
This time of yeare, or there about it was,
Accursed be the time, tenne times alas :
When I from *Delphos* tooke my iourney downe,
To see the games in noble *Sparta Towne*,
There saw I that, wherein I gan to ioy,
~~Amilchars~~ sonne a gallant comely boy,
Hight (*Hiacinth*) full fifteene yeares of age,
Whom I intended to haue made my Page,
And bare as great affection to the boy,
As euer *Ione*, in *Ganimede* did ioy.

Among the games, my selfe put in a pledge,
To trie my strength in throwing of the sledge,
Which poysing with my strained arme I threw
So farre, that it beyond the other flew.
My *Hiacinth*, delighting in the game,
Desierd to proue his manhood in the same :
And catching ere the sledge lay still on ground,
With violent force, aloft it did rebound
Against his head, and battered out his braine :
And so alas, my louely boy was slaine.

I. Hard hap O *Phæbus*, but sith it's past & gone,
We wish ye to forbeare this frustrate mone.

Ap. Ladies, I know my sorrowes are in vaine,
And yet from mourning can I not refraine.

1. *Eurania* some pleasant Song shall sing.
To put ye from your dumps.

Ap. A las, no Song will bring
The least relieve to my perplexed minde.

2. No *Phæbus*? what other pastime shal we finde,
To make ye merry with?

Ap. Faire dames I thanke you all,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

No sport nor pastime can release my thrall:
My grief's of course, when it the course hath had,
I shall be merrie, and no longer sad.

I What will ye then we doo?

Ap. And please ye, you may goe,
And leauue me here to feed vpon my woe,

2 Then *Phæbus*, we can but wish ye wel again.

Exeunt Charites.

Ap. I thanke ye gentle Ladies for your paine.

O *Phæbus* wretched thou thus art thou faine
With forg'de excuses, to conceale thy paine.

O *Hyacinth*, I suffer not these fits
For thee my Boy, no, no, another fits
Deeper then thou, in closet of my brest:

Whose sight so late, hath wrought me this vnrest.
And yet no Goddesse, nor of heauenly kinde
She is, whose beautie thus tormenteth my minde.
No Fayrie Nymph, that haunts these pleasaunt woods,
No Goddesse of the flowres, the fields, nor floods:
Yet such an one, whom iustly I may call
A Nymph, as well as any of them all.

Eurymine, what heauen affords thee heere?
So may I say, because thou com'st so neere?
And neerer far vnto a heauenly shape,
Then she of whom *Juno* triumph't in the Rape.
Ile sit me downe, and wake my grieve againe,
To sing awhile, in honour of thy name.

The Song.

Amidst the mountaine *Ida* groues,
Where *Paris* kept his Heard:
Before the other Ladies all,
He would haue thee preferd.
Pallas for all her painting than,
Her face would seeme but pale:
Then *Juno* would haue blusht for shame,
And *Venus* looked stale.

Eurymine

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eurymine thy selfe alone,
Shouldst beare the golden ball:
So far would thy most heauenly forme,
Excell the other all.

O happy Phœbus, happy then,
Most happy should I bee:
If faire Eurymine would please,
To ioyne in loue with mee.

Enter Eurymine.

Eu. Although there be such difference in the chaunge,
To liue in Court, and desart wood's to raunge,
Yet in extremes, wherein we cannot chuse,
An extreme refuge is not to refuse.
Good gentlemen, did any see my heard?
I shall not finde them out, I am afard:
And yet my maister wayteth with his bowe,
Within a standing, for to strike a Doe.
You saw them not? your silence makes me doubt:
I must goe further, till I finde them out.

Ap. What seek you prettie Mayde?

Eu. Forsooth my heard of Deere.

Ap. I sawe them lately, but they are not heere.

Eu. I pray Sir, where?

Ap. An houre agoe or twaine,
I sawe them feeding all aboue the plaine.

Eu. So much the more my toile to fetch them in.
I thanke ye Sir.

Ap. Nay stay sweet Nymph with mee.

Eu. My busines, cannot so dispatched bee.

Ap. But pray ye Maide, it will be verie good,
To take the shade, in this vnhaunted wood:
This flowring bay with branches large and great,
Will shrowd ye safelie, from the parching heat.

Eu. Good sir, my busines calls me hence in hast.

Ap. O stay with him, whō conquered thou hast,
With him, whose restles thoughts do beat on thee:

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

With him that ioyes, thy wifched face to see.

With him whose ioyes surmount all ioyes aboue :
If thou wouldest thinke him worthie of thy loue.

Eu. Why Sir, would you desire another make ?
And weare that garland for your Mistres sake ?

Ap. No Nymph, although I loue this lawrel tree,
My fancy ten times more affecteth thee :
And as the bay is alwaies fresh and greene,
So shall my loue as fresh to thee be seene.

Eu. Now truly Sir, you offer me great wrong,
To hold me from my busines here so long.

Ap. O stay sweet Nymph, with more aduisement view,
What one he is, that for thy grace doth sue :
I am not one that haunts on hills or Rocks,
I am no shepheard wayting on my flocks.
I am no boystrous Satyre, no nor Faune,
That am with pleasure of thy beautie drawne.
Thou dost not know God wot, thou dost not kno,
The wight, whose presence thou disdainest so.

Eu. But I may know, if you wold please to tell.

Ap. My father in the highest heauens doth dwel:
And I am knowne the sonne of *loue* to bee,
Whereon the folke of *Delphos* honor mee,
By me is knowne what is, what was, and what shall bee,
By me are learnt the Rules of harmonie.
By me the depth of Phisicks lorc is found :
And power of hearbes that growvpon the ground.
And thus by circumstances maist thou see,
That I am *Phæbus*, who doth fancie thee.

Eu. No sir, by these discourses may I see,
You mock me with a forged pedigree,
If sonne you be to *loue*, as erst ye said,
In making loue vnto a mortall maide,
You worke dishonour to your deitie :
I must be gone : I thanke ye for your curtesie.

Ap. Alas, abandon not thy Louer so.

Eurymine.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. I pray sir hartily, giue me leaue to goe,

Ap. The way ore-grownē, with shrubs and bushes thick,
The sharped thornes, your tender feete will prick,
The brambles round about, your trainē will lappe,
The burs and briers, about your skirts will wrappe.

Eu. If *Phæbus*, thou of *Ioue* the offspring be,
Dishonor not thy deitie so much,
With profered force, a silly mayd to touch:
For doing so, although a god thou bee,
The earth, and men on earth, shall ring thy infamie.

Ap. Hard speech to him that loueth thee so well.

Eu. What know I that?

Ap. I know it, and can tell: and feele it too.

Eu. If that your loue be such,
As you pretend, so feruent and so much,
For proofe thereof, graunt me but one request.

Ap. I will, by *Ioue* my father, I protest:
Prouided first, that thy petition bee,
Not hurtfull to thy selfe, nor harme to mee.
For so sometimes did *Phaeton* my sonne,
Request a thing, whereby he was vndonne.
He lost his life through crauing it, and I
Through graunting it, lost him my sonne thereby.

Eu. Then *Phæbus* thus it is, if thou be hee,
That art pretended in thy pedegree,
If sonne thou be to *Ioue* as thou doest faine,
And chalengest that tytle not in vaine:
Now heer bewray some signe of godhead than?
And chaunge me straight, from shape of mayd to man?

Ap. Alas, what fond desire doth moue thy minde
To wish thee altered from thy natvie kinde?
If thou in this thy womans forme canst moue,
Not men but gods, to sue and seeke thy loue:
Content thy selfe with natures bountie than,
And couet not to beare the shape of man.
And this moreouer will I say to thee,
Fairer man then mayde, thou shalt never bee.

Eury.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. These vaine excuses, manifestly shewe,
Whether you vsurp Appollos name or no.
Sith my demaund so far surmounts your Art,
Ye ioyne exceptions, on the other part.

Ap. Nay then my doubtles Deitic to proue,
Although thereby for euer I loose my Loue,
I graunt thy wish, thou art become a man:
I speake no more, then well performe I can.
And though thou walke in chaunged bodie now,
This pennance shall be added to thy vow:
Thy selfe a man, shalt loue a man, in vaine:
And louing, wish to be a maide againe.

Eu. Apollo, whether I loue a man or not,
I thanke ye, now I will accept my lot:
And sith my chaunge hath disappointed you,
Ye are at libertie to loue anew.

Exit.

Ap. If euer I loue, sith now I am forsaken,
Where next I loue, it shall be better taken:
But what so ere my fate in louing bee,
Yet thou maist vaunt, that Phœbus loued thee.

Exit Apollo.

Enter Ioculo, Frisco, and Mopso, at three
severall doores.

Mop. Ioculo, whither iestest thou?
Hast thou found thy Maister?
Io. Mopso wel met, hast thou found thy mistresse?
Mop. Not I by Pan.
Io. Nor I by Pot.
Mop. Pot? what god's that?
Io. The next god to a Pan, and such a pot it may be,

As

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

As he shall haue moe seruants then all the Pannes in a Tin-kers shop.

Mop. Frisco, where hast thou bene frisking? hast thou found?

Fris. I haue found.

Io. What hast thou found Frisco?

Fris. A couple of crack-roapes.

Io. And I.

Mop. And I.

Fris. I meane you two.

Io. I you two.

Mop. And I you two.

Fris. Come, a trebble coniunction: all three, all three.

They all imbrace each other.

Mop. But Frisco, hast not found the faire shepheardesse, thy Maisters Mistresse?

Fris. Not I by God, Priapus I meane.

Io. Priapus quoth a? Whattin a God might that bee?

Fris. A plaine God, with a good peg to hang a shephearde bottle vpon.

Io. Thou being a Forresters Boy, shouldest sweare by the God of the woods.

Fris. My Maister sweares by Silvanus, I must sweare by his poore neighbour.

Io. And heer's a shepheards swaine, sweares by a Kitchen God, Pan.

Mop. Pan's the shepheardes God, but thou swearest by Pot, what God's that?

Io. The God of good-fellowship: well, you haue wicked Maisters, that teach such little Boyes as you are to sweare so young.

Fris. Alas good old great man, wil not your master swear?

Io. I neuer heard him sweare six sound oaths in all my life.

Mop. May hap he cannot, because hees diseasd.

Fris. Peace Mopso, I will stand toot, hee's neither braue Courtier, bouncing Caualier, nor boone Companion, if he

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

sweare not sometime : for they will sweare, forswear, and
sweare.

Io. How? sweare, forswear, and sweare? how is that?

Fris. They'le sweare at dyce, forswear their debts:
And sweare when they loose their labour in loue.

Io. Well, your maisters haue much to answere for , that
bring ye vp so wickedly.

Fris. Nay my maister is damn'd Ile be sworne, for his v-
ry soule burnes in the firie eye of his faire mistresse.

Mop. My maister is not damn'd, but he is dead, for he hath
buried his ioyes in the bosome of his faire mistresse.

Io. My maister is neither damnde nor dead , and yet is in
the case of both your maisters : like a woodenne shepheard,
and a sheepish wood-man, for he is lost in seeking of a lost
sheepe , and spent in hunting a Doe that hee would faine
strike.

Fris. Faith and I am founderd with flinging too and fro,
with Ches-nuts, Hazel-nuts, Bullaze, and wildings, for pre-
sents from my maister to the faire shepherdesse.

Mop. And I am tierd like a Calfe, with carrying a Kidde
every weeke to the Cottage of my maisters sweete Lamb-
kin.

Io. I am not tierd, but so wearie I cannot goe, with follow-
ing a maister , that followes his mistresse , that followes her
shadow, that followes the sunne, that followes his course.

Fris. That follows the colt , that followed the mare , the
man rode on to Midleton : shall I speake a wise word?

Mop. Do and wee will burne our caps.

Fris. Are not we fooles?

Io. Is that a wise word ?

Fris. Giue me leauie : are not we fooles to weare our yong
feete to old stumps , when there dwells a cunning man in a
Cae hereby, who for a bunch of rootes, a bagge of nuts, or
a bushell of crabs, will tell vs, where thou shalt finde thy mai-
ster, and which of our maisters shall win the wenches fauour?

Io. Bring me to him *Frisco*, Ile giue him all the poynts at
my

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

My hōse, to poynt me right to my maister.

Mop. A bottle of whey shall be his meed, if he sauē me la-
bour for posting with presents.

Enter Aramanthus, with his Globe, &c.

Fris. Here he comes, offend him not *Ioculo*,
For feare he turne thee to a Jacke an Apes.

Mop. And thee to an Owle.

Io. And thee to a Wood-cocke.

Fris. A Wood-cocke, an Owle, and an Apes

Mop. A long bill, a broade face, and no tayle?

Io. Kisse it *Mopso*, and be quiet, Ile salute him ciuilly.
Good speed good man,

Aram. Welcome bad boy.

Fris. He speakes to thee *Ioculo*,

Io. Meaning thee *Frisco*.

Aram. I speake, and meane not him, nor him, nor thee,
But speaking so, I speake and meane, all three.

Io. If ye be good at Rimes and Riddles old man, expound
me this.

These two serue two, those two serue one,
Assoyle me this, and I am gone.

Aram. You three serue three, those three do seeke to one,
One shall her finde, he comes, and she is gone.

Io. This is a wise answer : her going causd his comming,
For if she had nere gone, he had nere come.

Mop. Good maister wizard, leaue these murlemewes, and
tel *Mopso* plainly, whether *Gemulo* my maister, that gentle
shepheard, shall win the loue of the faire shepherdesse his
flock-keeper or not, and Ile giue ye a bottell of a good
whey, as ere ye laid lips too.

Fris. And good father Fortune-teller, let *Frisco* knowe,
whither *Silmo* my maister that lustie Forrester, shal gaine that
same gay shepherdesse or no? Ile promise ye nothing for your
paines, but a bag full of nuts: if I bring a crab or two in my
pocket, take them for aduantage.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. And gentle maister wise-man, tell *Ioculo*, if his noble Maister *Ascanio*, that gallant Courtier, shalbe found by me, and she found by him, for whom, he hath lost his fathers fauour, and his owne libertie, and I my labour, and Ile giue ye thankes: for we Couitiers, neither giue nor take bribes.

Aram. I take your meaning better then your speech, And I will graunt the thing you doo beseech: But for the teares of Louers be no toyes, Ile tell their chaunce in parables to Boyes.

Fris. In what ye will, lets heare our maisters luck.

Aram. Thy maisters Doe, shall turne vnto a Buck.

To Mopso.

Thy maisters Eawe, be chaunged to a Ram,

To Ioculo.

Thy maister seeks a maide, and findes a man.

Yet for his labor shall he gaine his meede,

The other two shall sigh, to see him speede.

Mop. Then my maister shall not win the shepheardesse.

Aram. No: hast thee home, and bid him right his wrong, The shepheardesse wil leaue his flock ere long.

Mop. Ile run to warne my master of that.

Exit.

Fris. My maister wood-man, takes but wooden paines to no purpose I thinke, what say ye, shall he speede?

Aram. No: tell him so, and bid him tend his Deare: And cease to woe, he shall not wed this yeare.

Fris. I am not sorie for it, farewell *Ioculo*.

Exit.

Io. I may goe with thee, for I shall speed euens so too, by staying behinde.

Aram. Better my Boy, thou shalt thy maister finde, And he shall finde the partie he requires: And yet not finde the summe of his desires. Keep on that way, thy maister walkes before, Whom when thou find'st, loose him good Boy no more.

Exit ambo.

Act. 4.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Act. 4.

Enter Ascanio, and Ioculo.

Asca. Shall then my trauell cuer endles proue?
That I can heare no tydings of my Loue?
In neither desart, groue, nor shadie wood,
Nor obscure thicket, where my foote hath trod?
But euery plough-man, and rude shepheard swain,
Doth still reply vnto my greater paine?
Some Satyre then, or Goddesse of this place,
Some water Nymph, vouchsafe me so much grace
As by some view, some signe, or other shoo,
I may haue knowledge if she liue or no.

Eccho. No.

Asca. Then my poore hart is buried too in wo:
Record it once more, if the truth be so?

Eccho. So.

Asca. How, that *Eurymine* is dead, or liues?

Eccho. Liues.

Asca. Now gentle Goddesse thou redeem'st my soule
From death to life: Oh tell me quickly where?

Eccho. Where?

Asca. In some remote far region, or else neere?

Eccho. Neere.

Asca. Oh what conceales her from my thirstie cies?
Is it restraint? or some vnknowne disguise?

Eccho. Disguise.

Io. Let me be hangd my Lord, but all is lyes.

Eccho. Lyes.

Io. True, we are both perswaded thou doest lye.

Eccho. Thou doest lye.

Io. Who I?

Eccho. Who I?

Io. I thou.

Eccho. I thou.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. And gentle maister wise-man, tell *Ioculo*, if his noble Maister *Ascanio*, that gallant Courtier, shalbe found by me, and she found by him, for whom, he hath lost his fathers fauour, and his owne libertie, and I my labour, and Ile giue ye thankes: for we Couriers, neither giue nor take bribes.

Aram. I take your meaning better then your speech, And I will graunt the thing you doo beseech: But for the teares of Louers be no toyes, Ile tell their chaunce in parables to Boyes.

Fris. In what ye will, lets heare our maisters luck.

Aram. Thy maisters Doe, shall turne vnto a Buck.

To Mopso.

Thy maisters Eawe, be chaunged to a Ram,

To Ioculo.

Thy maister seeks a maide, and findes a man. Yet for his labor shall he gaine his meede, The other two shall sigh, to see him speede.

Mop. Then my maister shall not win the shepheardesse?

Aram. No: hast thee home, and bid him right his wrong, The shepheardesse wil leauue his flock ere long.

Mop. Ile run to warne my master of that.

Exit.

Fris. My maister wood-man, takes but wooden paines to no purpose I thinke, what say ye, shall he speede?

Aram. No: tell him so, and bid him tend his Deare: And cease to woe, he shall not wed this yeare.

Fris. I am not sorie for it, farewell *Ioculo*.

Exit.

Io. I may goe with thee, for I shall speed euens so too, by staying behinde.

Aram. Better my Boy, thou shalt thy maister finde, And he shall finde the partie he requires: And yet not finde the summe of his desires. Keep on that way, thy maister walkes before, Whom when thou find'st, loose him good Boy no more.

Exit ambo.

Act. 4.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Aet. 4.

Enter Ascanio, and Ioculo.

Asca. Shall then my trauell cuer endles proue?
That I can heare no tydings of my Loue?
In neither desart, groue, nor shadie wood,
Nor obscure thicker, where my foote hath trod?
But euery plough-man, and rude shepheard swain,
Doth still reply vnto my greater paine?
Some Satyre then, or Goddessse of this place,
Some water Nymph, vouchsafe me so much grace
As by some view, some signe, or other shoo,
I may haue knowledge if she liue or no.

Ecco. No.

Asca. Then my poore hart is buried too in wo:
Record it once more, if the truth be so?

Ecco. So.

Asca. How, that *Eurymine* is dead, or liuest?

Ecco. Liues.

Asca. Now gentle Goddessse thou redeem'st my soule
From death to life: Oh tell me quickly where?

Ecco. Where?

Asca. In some remote far region, or else neere?

Ecco. Neere.

Asca. Oh what conceales her from my thirstie eies?
Is it restraint? or some vnkownne disguise?

Ecco. Disguise.

Io. Let me be hangd my Lord, but all is lyes.

Ecco. Lyes.

Io. True, we are both perswaded thou doest lye.

Ecco. Thou doest lye.

Io. Who I?

Ecco. Who I?

Io. I thou.

Ecco. I thou.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Thou darst not come and say so to my face.

Echo. Thy face.

Io. Ile make you then for cuer prating more.

Ecch. More.

Io. Will ye prate more? Ile see that presently.

Ascha. Stay *Ioculo*, it is the Eccho Boy,

That mocks our griefe, and laughes at our annoy.

Hard by this groue there is a goodly plaine

Betwixt two hils, still fresh with drops of raine:

Where never spreading Oake nor Poplar grew,

Might hinder the prospect or other view,

But all the country that about it lyes,

Presents it selfe vnto our mortall eyes:

Sauē that vpon each hill, by leauie trees,

The Sun at highest, his scorching heat may leese.

There languishing my selfe I will betake,

As heauen shall please, and only for her sake.

Io. Stay maister, I haue spied the fellow now, that mockt
vs all this while: see where he sits.

Aramanthus suting.

Asca. The very shape my Vision told me off,
That I should meet with as I strayd this way.

Io. What lynes he drawes? best go not ouer farre.

Asca. Let me alone, thou doest but trouble mee.

Io. Youle trouble vs all annon, ye shall see.

Asca. God speed faire Sir.

Io. My Lord doo ye not marke?

How the skie thickens, and begins to darkē?

Asca. Health to ye Sir.

Io. Nay then God be our speed.

Ara. Forgiue me Sir, I sawe ye not indeed.

Asca. Pardon me rather, for molesting you.

Io. Such another face I neuer knew.

Ara. Thus studious I am wont to passe the time,
By true proportion, of each line from line.

Io. Oh now I see he was learning to spell,
Theres A, B, C. in midſt of his table.

Ascanio.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Aſca. Tel me I pray ye ſir, may I be bold to craue
The caufe of your abode within this Caue?

Ara. To tell you that in this extreme diſtrefſe,
Were but a tale of Fortunes ficklenesse.

Sometime I was a Prince of *Lesbos Ille*,
And lou'd belou'd,whilſt my good ſtares did ſmile:
But clowded once with this world's bitter croſſe,
My ioy to grife,my gaine conuerts to loſſe.

Aſca. Forward I pray ye, faint not in your tale.

Io. It will not all be worth a cup of Ale.

Ara. A ſhort diſcourſe of that which is too long
How euer pleafing,can neuer ſeeme but wrong:
Yet would my tragicke ſtory fit the ſtage,
Pleaſant in youth, but wretched in mine age.
Blinde Fortune ſetting vp and pulling downe,
Abuſed by thofe my ſelfe raisde to renowne:
But þ which wrings me neer, and wounds my hart,
Is a fake brothers base vnthankfull part.

Aſca. A ſmal offence compare with my diſease,
No doubt ingratitudo in time may ceafe
And be forgot: my grief out-lives all howres:
Raining on my head, continual hapleſſe showers.

Ara. You ſing of yours, and I of mine relate:
To euery one, ſeemes worſt his owne eſtate.
But to proceed, exiled thus by ſpight,
Both country I forgoe, and brothers ſight:
And comming hither where I thought to liue,
Yet here I cannot but lament and greeue.

Aſca. Some comfort yet in this there doth remaine:
That you haue found a partner in your paine.

Ara. How are your ſorrowes ſubieſt, let me heare?

Aſca. More ouerthrowne, and deeper in diſpaire
Than is the manner of your heauie ſmart,
My cureleſſe grife, doth ranckle at my hart.
And in a word, to heare the ſumme of all,
I loue, and am belou'd: but there-withall

The

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

The sweetnesse of that banquet must forgo,
Whose pleasant tast is chaungde with bitter wo.

Ara. A conflict, but to try your noble minde,
As common vnto youth, as raine to winde.

Asca. But hence it is that doth me treble wrong,
Expected good, that is forborne so long:
Doth loose the vertue which the vse would proue.

Ara. Are you then sir, despised of your Loue?

Asca. No, but depriued of her company.
And for my careles negligence therein:
Am bound to doo this penaunce for my sin.
That if I neuuer finde where she remaines,
I vowe a yare shalbe my end of paines.

Ara. Was she then lost within this Forrest heres?

Asc. Lost or forlorn, to me she was right deere.
And this is certaine, vnto him that could
The place where she abides to me vnfold:
For euer I would vow my selfe his friend,
Neuer revolting till my life did end.

And therefore sir, (as well I know your skill)
If you will giue me phisicke for this ill,
And shewe me if Eurymine do live,
It were a recompence for all my paine,
And I should thinke my ioyes were full againe.

Ara. They know the want of health that haue bene sick,
My selfe sometime acquainted with the like,
Do learne in dutie of a kinde regard,
To pittie him whose hap hath bene so hard.
How long I pray ye hath she absent beene?

Asca. Three dayes it is since that my Loue was scene.

Io. Heer's learning for the nonce, that stands on ioynts:
For all his cunning, ile scarce giue two poynts.

Ara. Mercurio regnante virum, sub sequente Luna,
Faminum designat.

Io. Nay and you go to latin, then tis sure, my maister shall
finde her, if he could tell when.

Ara. I

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Ara. I cannot tell what reason it should bee,
But loue and reason here doo disagree.
By proofe of learned principles I finde,
The manner of your loue's aginst all kinde.
And not to feed ye with vncertainte ioy,
Whom you affect so much, is but a Boy.

Io. A Riddle for my life, some Antick Iest,
Did I not tell ye what his cunning was?

Asca. I loue a Boy?

Ara. Mine Art doth tell me so.

Asca. Adde not a fresh increase vnto my woe.

Ara. I dare auouch what lately I haue saide,
The loue that troubles you, is for no maide.

Asca. As well I might be said to touch the skie,
Or darke the horizon with tapestrie:
Or walke vpon the waters of the sea,
As to be haunted with such lunacie.

Ara. If it be false, mine Art I will desie.

Asca. Amaz'de with griefe, my loue is then transform'd.

Io. Maister be contented, this is leape yare.
Women weare breeches, petticoats are deare.
And tharts his meaning, on my lise it is.

Asc. Oh God, and shal my torments neuer cease?

Ara. Represse the fury of your troubled minde:
Walke here a while, your Lady you may finde.

Io. A Lady and a Boy, this hangs wel together:
Like snow in haruest, sun-shine and foule weather.

Enter Eurymine singing.

Since hope of helpe my foward starres denie,
Come sweetest death, and end my miserie.
He left his country, I my shape haue lost,
Deare is the loue, that hath so dearly cost.

Eu. Yet can I boast, though Phœbus were vniust
This shift did serue, to barre him from his lust.
But who are these alone? I cannot chuse
But blush for shame, that any one should see,
Eurymine in this disguise to bee.

F

Eury.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Aſca. It is, it is not my loue, *Eurymine*.
Eury. Hark, ſome one hallows: gentlemen adiew,
In this attire I dare not stay their view. *Exit.*

Aſca. My loue, my ioy, my life,
By eye, by face, by tongue, it ſhould be ſhee.
Oh I, it was my loue, I le after her,
And though ſhe paſſe the Eagle in her flight,
I le never reſt, till I haue gain'd her ſight.

Exit.

Ara. Loue carries him, and ſo retains his mind,
That he forgets how I am left behind:
Yet will I follow softly, as I can.
In hope to ſee the fortune of the man.

Exit.

Io. Nay let them go a Gods name, one by one,
With my heart / am glad to be alone.
Heres old transforming, would with all his *Art*,
He could transforme this tree into a tart.
Seethen if I would flinch from hence or no:
But for it is not ſo, I needs muſt go.

Exit.

Enter Siluio and Gemulo.

Sil. Is it a bargaine *Gemulo*, or not?
Ge. Thou neuer knew'ſt me breake my word / wot,
Nor will / now, betide me bale or blis.

Sil. Nor / breake mine, and here her cottage is:
I le call her forth.

Ge. Will *Siluio* be ſo rude?
Sil. Neuer ſhall we betwixt our ſelues conclude
Our controuersie, for we ouerweene.

Ge. Not I, but thou, for thou iet'ſt in greene,
As fresh as Meadow in a morne of May,
And ſcorn'ſt the ſhepherd, for he goes in gray.
But Forreſter, beleeue it as thy Creede,
My miſtreſſe mindes my person, not my weedes.

So.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Sil. So twas I thought, because she tends thy sheepe
Thou thinkst in loue of thee she taketh keepe;
That is as townish damzels lend the hand,
But send the heart to him aloofe doth stand.

Sil. So deales Eurymine with Silvio.

Ge. Albe she looke more blithe on Gemulo,
Her heart is in the dyall of her eye,
That poynts me hers.

Sil. That shall we quickly trye.
Eurymine.

Ge. Erynnis stop thy throte,
Vnto thy hound thou hallowst such a note:
I thought that shepheards had bene mannerlesse,
But Wood-men are the ruder gromes I guesse.

Sil. How shuld I cal her Swain, but by her name?
Ge. So Hobinoll the plow-man, calls his dame.
Call her in Carroll from her quiet coate.

Sil. Agreed: but whether shall begin his note.
Ge. Draw cuttes.
Sil. Content, the longest shall begin.
Ge. Tis mine.

Sil. Sing loude, for she is farre within.
Ge. Instruct thy singing in thy Forrest waies,
Shepheards know how to chant their roundelaines.

Sil. Repeat our bargain, ere we sing our Song,
Least after wrangling, should our mistresse wrong.
If me she chuse, thou must be well content:
If thee she chuse, I giue the like consent.

Ge. Tis done: now Pan pipe on thy sweetest Reedes,
And as I loue, so let thy seruaunt speede.

As little Lambes lift vp their snowie sides,
When mounting Larke salutes the gray-eyed morne:
Sil. As from the Oaken leaues the honie glides,
Where Nightingales record upon the thorne.

Ge. So rise my thoughts.

Sil. So all my sences cheere.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Ge. When she surueyes my flocks.

Sil. And she my Deare.

Ge. Eurymine.

Sil. Eurymine.

Ge. Come foorth.

Sil. Come foorth.

Ge. Come foorth and cheere these plaines.

*And both sing this togither, when they haue
sung it single.*

Sil. The Wood-mans Loue.

Ge. And Lady of the Swaynes.

Enter Eurymine.

Faire Forester and louely shepheard Swaine,

Your Carrolls call *Eurymine* in vaine:

For she is gone, her Cottage and her sheepe,

With me her brother, hath she left to keepe:

And made me sweare by *Pan*, ere she did go,

To see them safely kept, for *Gemulo*.

*They both looke straungely vpon her, apart
each from other.*

Ge. What: hath my Loue a new come Louer than?

Sil. What: hath my Mistresse got another man?

Ge. This Swayne will rob me of *Eurymine*.

Sil. This youth hath power to win *Eurymine*.

Ge. This straungers beautie heares away my prize.

Sil. This straunger will bewitch her with his eies.

Ge. It is *Adonis*.

Sil. It is *Ganymede*.

Ge. My blood is chill.

Sil. My heart is cold as Leade.

Eu. Faire youthes, you haue forgot for what y e came,
You seeke your Loue, shee's gone.

Ge. The more too blame.

Eu. Not so, my sister had no will to go:
But that our parents dread command was so.

Silvia

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Sil. It is thy scuse, thou art not of her kin,
But as my Ryuall, com'ste my Loue to win.

Eu. By great Apollos sacred Deitie,
That shepheardeesse so neare is Sib to me,
As I ne may (for all this world) her wed:
For she and I in one selfe wombe were bred.
But she is gone, her flocke is left to mee.

Ge. The shepcoat's mine, and I will in and see.

Sil. And I.

Exeunt Silvio and Gemulo.

Eu. Go both, cold comfort shall you finde,
My manly shape, hath yet a womans minde:
Prone to reueale what secret she doth know,
God pardon me, I was about to shew
My transformation: peace they come againe.

Enter Silvio, and Gemulo.

Sil. Haue ye found her?

Ge. No, we looke in vaine.

Eu. I told ye so.

Ge. Yet haire me, new-come Swayne.

Albe thy seemly feature set no sale
But honest truthe vpon thy nouell tale,
Yet (for this world is full of subtiltie)
We wish thee goe with vs for companie
Vnto a Wise-man wonning in this wood,
Hight Aramanth, whose wit and skill is good:
That he may certifie our mazing doubt,
How this straunge chaunce and chaunge hath fallen out.

Eu. I am content: haue with ye, when ye will.

Sil. Euen now.

Eu. Hee'l make ye muse, if he haue any skill.

Exeunt.

Act. 5.

Enter Ascanio, and Eurymine.

Asca. Eurymine, I pray if thou be shee,
Refraine thy haste, and doo not flie from mee.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

The time hath bene my words thou wouldst allow,
And am I growne so loathsome to thee now?

Eu. Ascanio, time hath bene I must confess,
When in thy presence was my happiness:
But now the manner of my miserie,
Hath chaung'd that course, that so it cannot be.

Aска. What wrong haue I contrived? what iniurie
To alienate thy liking so from me?
If thou be she whom sometime thou didst faine,
And bearest not the name of friend in vaine,
Let not thy borrowed guise of altered kinde,
Alter the wonted liking of thy minde:
But though in habit of a man thou goest,
Yet be the same *Eurymine* thou wast.

Eu. How gladly would I be thy Lady still,
If earnest vowes might answere to my will?

Aска. And is thy fancie alterd with thy guise?

Eu. My kinde, but not my minde in any wise.

Aска. What though thy habit differ from thy kind:
Thou maiest retain thy wonted louing mind.

Eu. And so I doo.

Aска. Then why art thou so straunge?
Or wherefore doth thy plighted fancie chaunge?

Eu. Ascanio, my heart doth honor thee.

Aска. And yet continuest stil so strange to me?

Eu. Not strange, so far as kind wil give me leaue.

Aска. Vnkind that kind, that kindnesse doth bereave:
Thou saist thou louest me.

Eu. As a friend his friend:
And so I vowe to loue thee to the end.

Aска. I wreake not of such loue, loue me but so.

As faire *Eurymine* lou'd *Ascanio*.

Eu. That loue's denide vnto my present kinde.

Aска. In kindly shewes, vnkinde I doo thee finde:
I see thou art as constant as the winde.

Eurymine.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. Doth kind allow a man to loue a man?

Aſca. Why art not thou *Eurymine*?

Eu. I am.

Aſca. *Eurymine* my Loue?

Eu. The very same.

Aſca. And wast not thou a woman thene?

Eu. Most true.

Aſc. And art thou changed from a woman now?

Eu. Too true.

Aſc. These tales my mind perplex; thou art *Eurymine*.

Eu. In name, but not in sexe.

Aſca. What then?

Eu. A man.

Aſca. In guise thou art I see.

Eu. The guise thou seest, doth with my kinde agree.

Aſca. Before thy flight thou wast a woman tho.

Eu. True *Ascanio*.

Aſca. And since art thou a man?

Eu. Too true deare friend.

Aſca. Then haue I lost a wife.

Eu. But found a friend, whose dearest blood and life,

Shalbe as readie as thine owne for thee:

In place of wife, such friend thou hast of mee.

Enter Ioculo, and Aramanthus.

Io. There they are: maister well ouertane.

I thought we two should neuer meete againe:

You went so fast, that I to follow ye,

Slipt ouer hedge and ditch, and many a tall tree.

Ara. Well said my Boy, thou knowest not how to lie.

Io. To lye Sir? how say you was it not so?

You were at my heeles, though farre off, ye know:

For maister, not to counterfayt with ye now,

Hee's as good a footeman as a shackeld sow.

Aſca. Good Sir y'are welcome, sirrha hold your prate.

Ara. What speed in that I told to you of late?

Ascanio.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Asta. Both good and bad, as doth the sequell proue,
For(wretched) I haue found, and lost my Loue.
If that be lost which I can nere enioy.

Io. Faith Mistresse y'are too blame to be so coy.
The day hath bene, but what is that to mee :
When more familiar with a man you'd bee.

Ara. I told ye you should finde a man of her :
Or else my rule did very straungely erre.

Asta. Father, the triall of your skill I finde,
My Loue's transformde into another kinde:
And so I finde, and yet haue lost my Loue.

Io. Ye cannot tell, take her aside and proue.

Asta. But sweet *Eurymine* make some report
Why thou departedst from my fathers Court ?
And how this straunge mishap to thee befell,
Let me intreat thou wouldest the procelle tell.

Eu. To shew how I arriued in this ground,
Were but renewing of an auncient wound:

Another time that office ile fulfill,

Let it suffice, I came against my will.

And wandring here about this Forrest side,
It was my chaunce of *Phœbus* to be spide.

Whose loue because I chastyly did withstand,
He thought to offer me a violent hand.

But for a present shift to shun his rape,

I wisht my selfe transformde into this shape:

Which he perform'd (God knowes) against his wil:
And I since then, haue wayld my fortune still.

Not for misliking ought I finde in mee,

But for thy sake, whose wife I meant to bee.

Asta. Thus haue you heard our woful desterie,
Which I in heart lament, and so doth she.

Ara. The fittest remedie that I can finde,
Is this, to ease the torment of your minde.
Perswade your selfes that great *Apollo* can,
As easily make a woman of a man,

As

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

As contrariwise he made a man of her.

Asca. I thinke no lesse.

Ara. Then humble suite preferre
To him: perhaps your prayers may attaine,
To haue her turnd into her forme againe.

Eu. But *Phæbus* such disdain to me doth beare,
A shadly we shall win his graunt I feare.

Ara. Then in these verdant fields al richly dide,
With natures gifts, and *Floras* painted pride;
There is a goodly spring whose christal streames
Beset with myrtles, keepe backe *Phæbus* beames:
There in rich seates all wrought of Iuory,
The Graces sit, listening the melodye:
The warbling Birds doo from their prettie billes
Vnite in concord, as the brooke distilles.
Whose gentle murmurc with his buzzing noates,
Is as a base vnto their hollow throates.
Garlands beside they weare vpon their browes,
Made of all sorts of flowers earth allowes:
From whence such fragrant sweet perfumes arise,
As you would sweare that place is Paradise.
To them let vs repaire with humble hart,
And meekly shew the manner of your smart:
So gratioues are they in *Apollos* eies,
As their intreatie quickly may suffice:
In your behalfe, Ile tell them of your states,
And craue their aides, to stand your aduocates.

Asca. For euer you shall bind vs to you than.

Ara. Come go with me: Ile doo the best I can.

Io. Is not this hard luck to wander so long,
And in the end to finde his wife markt wrong.

Enter Phylander.

A proper iest as euer I heard tell,
In sooth, me thinks the breech becomes her well:
And might it not make their husbands feare then,
Wold all the wiues in our town might wear them.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Tell me youth, art a straunger here or no?

Io. Is your commission sir, to examine me so?

Phy. What is it thou? now by my troth wel met.

Io. By your leave, it's well ouertaken yet.

Phy. I little thought I should a found thee here.

Io. Perhaps so sir.

Phy. I prethee speake, what cheere?

Io. What cheere can here be hope for in these woodes?
Except trees, stones, bryars, bushes, or buddes?

Phy. My meaning is, I faine would heare thee say,
How thou doest man, why thou tak'ft this another way.

Io. Why then sir, I doo as well as I may.

And to perswade ye, that welcome ye bee,
Wilt please ye sir, to eate a crab with mee?

Phy. Beleeue me *Iaculo*, reasonable hard cheere.

Io. *Phylander*, tis the best we can get heere.
But when returne ye to the Court againe?

Phy. Shortly, now I haue found thee.

Io. To requite your paine,
Shall I intreat you beare a present from me?

Phy. To whom?

Io. To the Duke.

Phy. What shall it be?

Io. Because Venson so conuenient doth not fall,
A pecke of Acornes to make merry withall.

Phy. What meanest thou by that?

Io. By my troth sir as ye see,
Acornes are good enough for such as hee:
I wish his honour well, and to doo him good:
Would he had eaten all the Acorns in th'wood.

Phy. Good words *Iaculo*, of your Lord & mine.

Io. As may agree with such a churlish swine.
How dooes his honor?

Phy. Indifferently well.

Io. I wish him better.

Phy. How?

Iaculo.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Io. Vice-gerent in hell.

Phy. Doest thou wish so, for ought that he hath done?

Io. I for the loue he beares vnto his sonne.

Phy. Hees growne of late, as fatherly and milde,
As euer father was vnto his childe :

And sent me forth to search the coast about,
If so my hap might be to finde him out.

And if *Eurymine* aliue remaine,
To bring them both vnto the Court againe.

Where is thy maister?

Io. Walking about the ground.

Phy. Oh that his Loue *Eurymine* were found.

Io. Why so she is, come follow me and see.
He bring ye strait where they remaining bee.

Exeunt.

Enter three or fourre Muses, *Aramanthus*,

Ascanio, *Siluio*, and *Gemulo*.

Asca. Cease your contention for *Eurymine*.
Nor words, nor vowes, can helpe her miserie:
But he it is that did her first transforme,
Must calme the gloomy rigor of this storme:
Great *Phœbus*, whose Pallace we are neere,
Salute him then in his celestiall sphere:
That with the notes of cheerfull harmonie,
He may be mou'd to shewe his Deitie.

Sil. But wheres *Eurymine*, haue we lost her sight?

As. Poore soule, within a caue, with fear affright
She sits, to shun *Apollo*s angry view,
Vntill she see what of our prayers ensue:
If we can reconcile his loue or no,
Or that she must continue in her woe.

I. Mu. Once haue we tried *Ascanio*, for thy sake
And once againe we will his power awake:
Not doubting but as he is of heauenly race,

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

At length he will take pitie on her case.
Sing therefore, and each partie from his heare,
In this our musick, beare a chearefull part.

Song.

All haile faire *Phæbus*, in thy purple throne,
Vouchsafe the regarding of our deepe mone,
Hide not, oh hide not, thy comfortable face,
But pittie, but pittie, a virgins poore case.

Phæbus appeares.

1. *Muse.* Illustrate bewtie, Christall heauens eye,
Once more we do entreat thy clemencie:
That as thou art the power of vs all,
Thou would'st redeeme *Eurymine* from thrall.
Graunt gentle God, graunt this our small request,
And if abilitie in vs do rest :
Whereby we euer may deserue the same,
It shalbe seene, we reuerence *Phæbus* name.

Phœ. You sacred sisters of faire *Hellion*,
On whom my faours euermore haue shone,
In this you must haue patience with my vow,
I cannot graunt what you aspire vnto.
Nor was't my fault, she was transformed so,
But her owne fond desire, as ye well know.
We told her too, before her vow was past,
That cold repentance would ensue at last.
And sith her selfe did wish the shape of man,
She causde the abuse, digest it how she can.

2. *Muse.* Alas, if vnto her you be so hard,
Yet of *Ascanio* haue some more regard,
And let him not endure such endlesse wrong,
That hath pursude her constant loue so long.

Asca. Great God, the greeuous trauells I haue past,
In restlesse search, to find her out at last:
My plaints my toiles, in lieu of my annoy,
Haue well deseru'd my Lady to enioy.
Penance too much I haue sustaing before:

Ob

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Oh *Phæbus*, plague me not with any more.
Nor be thou so extreame, now at the worst
To make my torments greater than at the first.
My Fathers late displeasure is forgot,
And theres no let, nor any churlish blot
To interrupt our ioyes from being compleat,
But only thy good fauour to intreat :
In thy great grace it lyes to make my state
Most happie now, or most infortunate.

1. *Mu.* Heauenly *Apollo*, on our knees I pray,
Vouchsafe thy great displeasure to allay.
What honor to thy Godhead will arise,
To plague a silly Lady in this wise?
Beside, it is a staine vnto thy Deitie,
To yeeld thine owne desires the soueraigntie:
Then shew some grace vnto a wofull Dame,
And in these groues, our tongues shall sound thy fame.

Phœ. Arise deare Nourses of diuinest skill,
You sacred Muses of *Pernassus* hill :
Phæbus is conquerd by your deare respect,
And will no longer clemency neglect.
You haue not fude nor praid to me in vaine:
I graunt your willes, she is a mayd againe.

Asca. Thy praise shal neuer die whilst I do liue.

2. *Mu.* Nor will we slack perpetual thankes to giue.

Phœ. *Thalia*, neare the Cau where she remaines
The Fayries keepe, request them of their paines,
And in my name, bid them forthwith prouide,
From that darke place, to be the Ladies guide.
And in the bountie of their liberall minde,
To giue her cloathes according to her kinde.

I. *Mu.* I goe diuine *Apollo*. Exit.

Phœ. Haste againe.
No time too swift, to ease a Louers paine.

Asca. Most sacred *Phæbus*, endles thankes to thee,
That doest vouchsafe so much to pittie mee.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

And aged father, for your kindnesse showne,
Imagine not your friendship ill bestowne.
The earth shall sooner vanish and decay,
Than I will proue vnthankfull any way.

Ara. It is sufficient recompence to me,
If that my silly helpe haue pleasurde ye.
If you enjoy your Loue and hearts desire,
It is enough: nor doo I more require.

Phœ. Graue *Aramanthus*, now I see thy face
I call to minde, how tedious a long space
Thou hast frequented these sad desarts here,
Thy time imployed, in heedfull minde I beare:
The patient sufferance of thy former wrong,
Thy poore estate, and sharpe exile so long,
The honourable port thou bor'st sometime,
Till wrongd thou wast, with vndeserued crime
By them whom thou to honour didst aduance,
The memory of which thy heauy chance,
Prouokes my minde to take remorse on thee,
Father henceforth, my clyent shalt thou bee:
And passe the remnant of thy fleeting time,
With Lawrell wreath, amongst the Muses nine.
And when thy age hath giuen place to fate,
Thou shalt exchaunge thy former mortall state:
And after death, a palme of fame shalt weare,
Amongst the rest that live in honor here.
And lastly know, that faire *Eurymine*
Redeemed now from former miserie
Thy daughter is, whom I for that intent
Did hide from thee, in this thy banishment:
That so she might the greater scourge sustaine,
In putting *Phœbus* to so great a paine.
But freely now, enjoy each others sight:
No more *Eurymine*: abandon quite
That borrowed name, as *Atlanta*, she is calde,
And here she woman, in her right shape instalde.

Ascanio.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Asea. Is then my Loue deriu'de of noble race?

Phœ. No more of that, but mutually imbrace.

Ara. Lives my *Atlanta*, whom the rough seas wauē
I thought had brought vnto a timelesse graue?

Phœ. Looke not so straunge, it is thy fathers voyce.
And this thy Loue: *Atlanta* now rejoyce.

Eu. As in another world of greater blis
My daunted spirits doo stand amazde at this.
So great a tyde of comfort overflowes,
As what to say, my faltering tongue scarce knowes:
But only this, vnperfet though it bee,
Immortall thankes great *Phœbus* vnto thee.

Phœ. Well Lady, you are retransformed now,
But I am sure you did repent your vow.

Eury. Bright Lampe of glory, pardon my rashnesse past.

Phœ. The penance was your owne, though I did fast.

Enter Phylander, and Ioculo.

Asea. Behold deare Loue, to make your ioyes abound,
Yonder *Phylander* comes.

Io. Oh fir, well found.
But most especially it glads my minde,
To see my mistresse restorde to kinde.

Phy. My Lord & Madam, to requite your pain,
Telemachus hath sent for you againe.
All former quarrels now are trodden downe,
And he doth smile, that heretofore did frowne.

Asea. Thankes kinde *Phylander*, for thy friendly newes.
Like *Iunos* balme, that our lifes blood renewes.

Phy. But Lady, first ere you your iourney take,
Vouchsafe at my request, one graunt to make.

Eu. Most willingly.

Phœ. The matter is but small.
To weare a braunch of Lawrell in your Caull
For *Phœbus* sake, least else I be forgot,
And thinke vpon me, when you see me not.

Euryminus.

The Maydes Metamorphosis.

Eu. Here while I liue a solemne oath I make,
To loue the Lawrell for Apollos sake.

Ge. Our suite is dasht, we may depart I see.

Phæ. Nay *Gemulo* and *Silvio*, contented bee:
This night let me intreate ye you will take,
Such cheare as I and these poore Dames can make,
To morrow morne weeke bring you on your way.

Sil. Your Godhead shall commaund vs all to stay.

Phæ. Then Ladies gratulate this happie chaunce,
With some delightfull tune and pleasaunt daunce.
Meane space, vpon his Harpe will *Phæbus* play,
So both of them may boast another day
And make report, that when their wedding chaunc'te,
Phæbus gaue musicke, and the Muses daunc'te.

The Song.

Since painfull sorrowes date hath end,
And time hath coupled friend with friend:
Reioyce we all, reioyce and sing,
Let all these groanes of *Phæbus* ring.
Hope hauing wonne, dispaire is vanisht:
Pleasure remuues, and care is banisht.
Then tripp we all this Roundelay,
And still be mindfull of the Bay.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

